



She.



👁 16 ✓ 1 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Daria French

It started when she was born. What is it?

Chapter 2 by



It was her life, of course.

It wasn't really *her* life, though. *They* made sure of that, with their gold plates and servants and their arranged marriages. She hated all of it. They cared more about their endless stockpiles of gold than their own daughter, for goodness' sake, and there wasn't really much she had to lose by escaping it all.

Giving them the slip had been simple enough. She threw a tantrum, got the fastest horse in the pack and when just waited until they were off. It was easy to yank off the gold adornments and spur the mare off into the woods, inducing a sort of wild joy she had always wanted but never quite known before.

Of course, life on the trails wasn't the easiest. There were the winters, the bandits, and the times she had to become one of the bandits. But she always stuck to robbing the noblemen, sort

of like the Robin Hood of her day. But she enjoyed it, even the hard parts, especially the hard parts.

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